

(TMI Journeys - October 2016)

## FINDING PEACE AFTER MY SISTER'S SUICIDE AND SO MUCH MORE

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*As Marketing Director, Jenny creates marketing programs designed to accomplish the Monroe Institute's mission of furthering the experience and exploration of consciousness, expanded awareness, and discovery of self. She knows first-hand what a profoundly positive effect the Institute's programs can have on a person's perspective and is thrilled to be putting her years of experience and heart into the success of the Institute. Outside of Monroe, Jenny races mountain bikes, brews beer, and enjoys spending time with her two daughters, family, friends and beloved Springer Spaniel, Afton.*

### **Now, when the Universe speaks to me, I listen.**

Sitting across the desk from TMI's Executive Director and President Nancy "Scooter" McMoneagle, I had no idea what I was getting into.

Scooter, with her usual warm and friendly style, was interviewing me for the Marketing Coordinator position at TMI. My extensive background in creative design, communications, and international marketing had somehow led me to The Monroe Institute.

I could feel there was a nice energy about the place and I felt a connection with both Scooter and Angie, the Operations Manager. But not being part of the consciousness community, I honestly knew nothing about the Institute. Before leaving the interview, Scooter gave me two Hemi-Sync CDs to listen to hoping to give me a better understanding of what the Institute had to offer. That evening, I lay on my sofa and listened to The Way of Hemi-Sync, a Focus 10 exercise. Instantly my awareness moved beyond my body! I felt as if my mind was totally awake but my body was completely asleep. I'd never experienced such relaxation and was disappointed to hear Bob's voice bring me back to "C1." It felt like the exercise was only 5 minutes but, when I looked at the clock, 45 minutes had passed!

My beginnings at TMI coincided with a personal tragedy. Only two months earlier my younger sister had committed suicide. She was heartbroken and defeated by endless struggles. Initially, I was shocked and in disbelief, then angry. How could she do this to

her children? How could she be so selfish?! We all were hurt and left wondering why. She'd always chosen the difficult path, but why now? What was so different? There would be no answer.

So, here it was two months later and I was beginning a new job. It gave me somewhere to focus my attention. It was a distraction from the grief.

Upon being hired, I was asked by Scooter if I would be willing to attend a Gateway Voyage program, to really get familiar with the Institute. I said sure! A week of relaxation and meditation, why not? Having no prior knowledge of TMI or Bob Monroe, I wasn't prepared for what was about to happen.

With a little instruction from the trainers before the first exercise to "be open to receiving any messages from the universe," I felt calm and relaxed, open to whatever occurred with absolutely no expectations.

That's when it happened. In the very first exercise, my recently deceased sister came to me. I saw a tiny bright white light and invited in anyone who had anything to say. The white light grew and turned into a dark and smoky shape. I instantly knew it was her. I asked if it was her and she responded yes. She said she wanted to give me a hug goodbye. I asked if she was okay. She assured me that she was and that "she just needed to move on." We hugged and in that moment I understood *why*. It became clear to me that my sister's suicide was what she needed to do even to the method of her death. Being who she was, her choice was the only one she could have made.

When I returned to C1 consciousness, tears were streaming down my face and I came out of the CHEC unit overwhelmed with emotion. No longer was Charlotte's suicide a source of unresolved anger, sadness, and confusion. I felt peaceful knowing she was okay and since having that extraordinary experience she is again, simply my sister.

If that were all that happened during my Gateway, it would have been huge, but more was to come.

I received visits from my dear dog Coco who had been killed by a car recently. She was happy, gave me kisses and told me she loved me.

My father showed up, who had died years before. Our relationship had been a difficult one. I asked, "What are you doing here?" He smiled and told me that he was really happy I was doing this.

As the week progressed, the communications I received during the exercises did not wane. It felt at times like a meditation marathon. Occasionally, I needed a break and would skip an exercise.

In one particular exercise, we had the opportunity to meet our spirit guides. At the time I didn't really know what a spirit guide was, but figured they must be similar to a guardian angel. So I thought ok ... and during the exercise asked "are any of my spirit guides here? If so I would like to meet you." I received many images of women—a cowgirl, a Victorian, a 90s girl, and what looked like a tribal mask. I asked for names and the mask replied "First female emperor." I dismissed that immediately. My left brain took over, scoffing that women are empresses NOT emperors. There is no such thing.

After dinner, that evening TMI trainer and remote viewer Joe McMoneagle came to speak to the group. Joe Gallenberger, my Gateway trainer, asked Joe McMoneagle to talk about his time in Japan. Joe M. related how he was hired to find the tomb of the first female emperor, Himiko! To my surprise, there was a female emperor. Later, Joe G said he'd received a message from guidance to ask Joe M that question. This was all too much!

During one of the final exercises we practiced ways to leave the body, to have an "OBE." For reasons too lengthy to explain I knew to focus on my destination, where I wanted to go. With great enthusiasm, I focused on my puppy Afton who I had left for the first time at the kennel across the mountain while I attended the program. At first, I found myself on the landing of the staircase in the Nancy Penn Center looking down into the fox den. There stood our trainers Carol J and Joe G at the coffee station. I then looked at the door and found myself outside, continuing to focus intently on "going to see Afton." I saw a bright flood light and the kennel owner feeding the dogs. I noticed Afton and called to her. I could tell she knew I was there. She began licking my face and conveying, "Take me with you!" I told her to be good and that I'd be back tomorrow to take her home.

In spite of evidence to the contrary, I still wondered if my OBE experience was just my imagination. But the corroboration just kept coming. Soon after seeing Afton at the kennel I received a message from the kennel operator telling me that Afton was doing great. During the post-exercise debrief session, Joe G and Carol confirmed that they were indeed standing at the coffee station in the fox den lounge while we were under the headphones.

To say that the "I" who entered the Gateway Voyage program was different from the "I" who completed it would be a bit of an understatement. I came away with a deeper, clearer understanding of the essential "I." Now I have greater trust in the messages and

the intuitive information I receive. I don't take life quite as seriously as I had, and I have a whole new appreciation for everything I have experienced so far in this lifetime.

Where will things go from here? I have no idea. But I'm confident I am on the right path, the path that led me to The Monroe Institute.